

WAR CRY

CHRISTMAS 1899



*Goes in the battle
for God and souls
Evangeline Booth*





CHRISTMAS 1896

AND THERE WERE IN THE SAME COUNTRY SHEPHERDS ABIDING IN THE FIELD, KEEPING WATCH OVER THEIR FLOCK BY NIGHT.

AND, LO, THE ANGEL OF THE LORD CAME UPON THEM, AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD SHONE ROUND ABOUT THEM; AND THEY WERE SORE AFRAID.

AND THE ANGEL SAID UNTO THEM, FEAR NOT: FORA BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY, WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE.

FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY, IN THE CITY OF DAVID SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD.

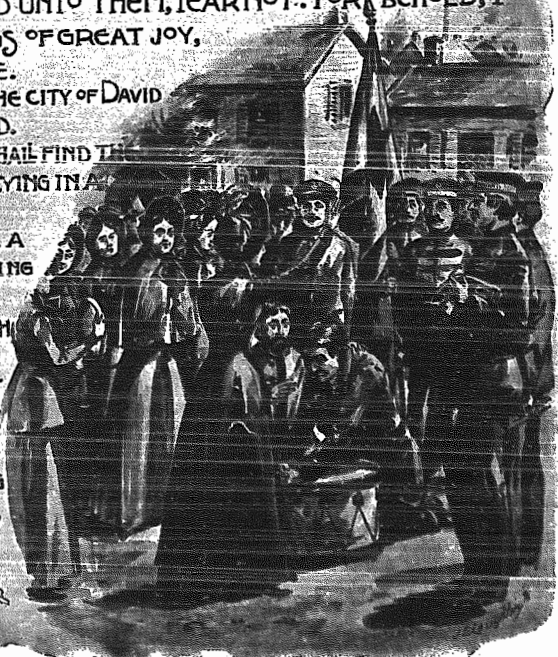
AND THIS SHALL BE A SIGN UNTO YOU: YE SHALL FIND THE BABE WRAPPED IN SWADDLING CLOTHES, LYING IN A MANGER.

AND SUDDENLY THERE WAS WITH THE ANGEL A MULTITUDE OF THE HEAVENLY HOST, PRAISING GOD, AND SAYING,

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN. ☆☆☆

THERE CAME WISE MEN FROM THE EAST

☆☆☆ LO, THE STAR, WHICH THEY SAW IN THE EAST, WENT BEFORE THEM TIL IT CAME AND STOOD OVER WHERE THE YOUNG CHILD WAS.



'THLIFATE.'



HILLIFATE is a Soldier in the town of Head-quarters. He was once an Officer, but, allowing himself to be influenced over much by his own character and nature, he got discouraged and resigned. The influence, however, that he left upon his comrades is far from dead, and now and again a recognition is sent to the lives of the Soldiers by Local Officers, are patterned from his.

Now, a word about the Corps at Hardgo. It had soldiered days and nights, and was dead, and had been at a standstill for a long time. The same few Soldiers always on the march, no change in the testimonies, and they had been only three or four souls had knelt at the penitent-form, and they had joined other churches in the town, because, said they, none spoke to them, or to the Soldiers. Yet have now a fair idea of the condition of the Corps, there seemed but one thing to do with it, viz., close it up; and the Captain, who had been at this time, advised the Headquarters to do so, as did all the Soldiers excepting one, a brother named Look-Ahead, who was indeed an oasis in a desert. Headquarters considered.

The Application to Close up,

but on receiving a letter from Brother Look-Ahead, pleading with them to send him once more, they decided to appoint Captain Overcome and Lieutenant Never-Give-In to the Corps.

The Thursday came for the new Officers to arrive. On their way they were talking of the victories they expected, in their new field of labor, when the brakeman shouted, "Next station Hardgo!" "Hallelujah!" cried the Lieutenant. "Here's our home," said the Captain, and by the time they had got their valises together, the train stopped. Look-Ahead and Sergeant-Major Sit-at-Ease met the Officers, and escorted them to the quarters and after a little prayer the Officers were by themselves. To day they visited a few Soldiers, so they unpacked their trunks, and made their little quarters look cheerful by hanging a few notices on the wall. The day they visited a few Soldiers, and among the number was Brother Live-in-the-Past, and Sister Take-things-as-they-come. Answering to the Captain's question as to how they were getting on, Brother Live-in-the-Past assured him that ten years ago he was saved. He also told him that years ago

ing, while sitting here and listening to the testimonies, especially to the Sergeant-Major's, what a beautiful thing it is to be able to sit by the fire-side and sing these Assurance songs! I have been wondering why we don't get souls saved, and why our crowds are so small, and I come to this conclusion that as an Army we have done our work in this town, and if Headquarters had been wise they would have closed up this place as we advised them; but in spite of all, I mean to see the end of a prison life. When Brother Look-ahead testified there was a ring of victory in his voice which greatly encouraged the Officers. After the Lieutenant had spoken, the Captain read a few verses from 1. Kings, xix., about Elijah being discouraged. The Officers went to their quarters heavily-hearted, but determined upon having victory.

They Spent the Night in Prayer.

The Week-end meetings were very powerful times. On the Saturday a backslider came to the penitent-form, and early next morning the Captain called for him to take him to kneel-rift. There were at kneel-rift, Brog, Thillifate and Look-ahead the Officers and their new convert. A real good time was enjoyed, and Thillifate, on his way home, called in to see the Sergeant-Major, who had just got up. Of course the new convert was their topic.

"Do you think he'll stand?" asked the Sergeant-Major. "If so," answered Thillifate, "he's begun too well. Why, he was only saved last night, and this morning he prayed for all the Soldiers that was absent. Fancy him praying for us, our officers and converts. We don't need his prayers." "You are right," chimed in Mrs. Sit-at-Ease, who was cooking the breakfast. "I'm sure we can say for our converts. And after once again expressing their opinions as to the reality of the convert, they parted.

When Thillifate arrived home, his wife—

Married a Miss Seoptical

after leaving the Army had breakfast ready for him, after partaking of which, he decided to see Brother Live-in-the-Past. The new convert was once again the topic, and Brother Live-in-the-Past reminded him how that two years ago the new convert had come to the penitent-form, and only kept true six months, also suggesting that some one should ask the Captain to not let him sit on the penitent-form for three months.

The Sergeant-Major was picked out to propose this to the Officer, which he did. The Captain wisely suggested the query "If you yourself have never made a slip?" The Sergeant-Major looked puzzled. He left the Barracks, went home, and came no more to the meetings that day. Ivo thought, "What a good thing I have in prayer." The rest of the meetings that day were times of power, and at night two souls got gloriously converted, Brother Look-ahead and the Lieutenant.

Shouted and Danced with Joy,

but the Captain was rather sad, for he had noticed Thillifate suggesting to the other Soldiers that "It was common to have a good time the first Sunday of a new Officer." It would soon die out, he assured them, for had not he been an Officer, and therefore ought to know? The Soldiers answered what Thillifate said, but the Captain, who had been listening to all that was said, saw that it was Thillifate who was influencing the Soldiers, and determined to put things right as soon as possible. He felt that if he could get Thillifate converted into a powerful, believing man of God, he would soon get the others.

The next day, while out visiting, they called upon Thillifate, who was busy reading

"The Ascend of Man."

The Captain asked him how he was in his soul, and after receiving the answer said, "Well, Brother Thillifate, I am convinced your life does not please God, for he says, 'Without faith it is impossible to please Him'; Peter had the same nature, and through his faith he was beneath the waves, and if you are not careful, you will come to grief." Upon hearing this, Thillifate dropped on his knees and cried, "Oh, God, increase my faith!" "Amen!" shouted the Officers, and a red-hot prayer meeting followed.

The rest of the Soldiers were visited that day, with a great deal of success. The Officers went to their quarters rejoicing. The meeting that night was a powerful time. One after another confessed their wrongs, backslidings, and before closing the meeting, the Holy Spirit came upon them in a mighty manner. From that night souls were saved. Thillifate became a man of mighty faith, and the Corps in the town of Hardgo was flourishing concern, and might have been years before but for LITTLE-FAITH.

CAPTAIN SIMS.

A certain man a short while ago remarked, "If God was made of tobacco and rum, he would have lots of people to follow Him.—Capt. Snow, Nfld.

Christmas, Past and Present. SHARP SHOT.

A NEWFOUNDLANDER'S MUSICAL ADVENTURES.



HE subject of our story is a young man of not more than twenty summers, of a fair and slight, with a pair of blue-grey eyes, that seemed to say, before his conversion, he was not satisfied. True he had a kind mother and father, loving brothers and sisters, and a good home. But that does not make one happy without Christ. From his earliest recollections he says he was passionately fond of music. His father used to keep a saloon, and he brought lots of men together at Christmas time.

Once, while some Scotchmen were there with their violins, Brother P. said he got so fond of the music that he started to make a violin himself. After a lot of failures he got one made, good enough to play a tune on. Before very long he was

The Happy Possessor

of a fine violin, and started right away to try and learn to play before Christmas came along.

He succeeded well enough for the boys to dance at Christmas time, and soon got the name of being one of the best violinists around. This, of course, brought him into plenty of company, which he would have found it otherwise. Christmas was looked forward to as a time of enjoyment and making lots of money, for he used to get as much as five dollars per night. He told me that for a whole week at this season he never got a proper night's rest. His mother was a worldly Christian, and sometimes had dancing parties at her home, and Brother P. was expected to help entertain the company.

There was soon to be a stop come to these things. The nolsy Salvation Army, in the form of

Two Simple Hallelujah Lasses

landed at his home the first day of November, 1890. Brother P., of course, attended the meetings when he was not off on what he called "a time." There he heard the melting story of Calvary's Bleeding Lamb, God's Spirit spoke to his heart, which could not be easily hushed. Night after night he left the Barracks, a miserable slummer. Satan whispered in his ear, "It's too near Christmas now to get saved, and they all expect you to play for a time." But one night, at a private meeting, he came and asked to be admitted. After a hard struggle he came out to the penitent-form. That night he went home to his mother, singing, "He pardoned a rebel like me." The unsaved boys said, "Never mind, we'll have F. F. back before Christmas.

If Money Can do it.

The times are bad and he'll not refuse his dollars."

But Christmas came and found our hero on the Salvation Army platform, with his violin, singing the praises of Jesus, truly enjoying a holy, happy Christmas.

Some kind friends told him it was all right to stop a while, but that was no good of joining the Salvation Army. Was there not lots of work in the church? A absent sister wrote him, saying she was glad to hear of his conversion, yet hoped he would join the church, as she had no room for Salvation Army fanatics. To-day, praise the Lord, he stands a full-fledged blood and fire Salvationist.

ENSIGN JANET EBBARY.

SAVED, and an Army Lass

By B. C., Victoria.

Tune—"When Jack Comes Home." My girl is saved and marching on. A Soldier brave and true; Under the flag that bears the star. The Yellow, Red and Blue.

Chorus.

Praying, praying, Now it has come to pass; My girl's come home, no more to roam. Saved, and an Army lass.

Many a tear I wiped away, But joyful tidings came; My heart is glad, where once 'twas sad. She's saved from sin and shame. Now she is marching on to save And rescue from the mire, She fights for God with sword and shield, Salvation Blood and Fire.

By ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

Be true to your name—Salvationist.

Love can hope where reason would despair.

Every temptation gives an opportunity to get nearer to God.

The lives of many Officers that I have met are visible rhetoric.

The sea ebbs and flows, but the rock remains unmoved always.

Are the sinners who attend our Barracks going to hell with their eyes wide open?

All true merit ceases the moment we perform an act for the sake of its consequences.

Pride had her beginning among the angels who fell, her continuance on earth, and will have her end in hell.

Union is a ground of communion. This is the kind of "Communion of the saints" that we Salvationists believe in.

As a needle in a compass trembles till it settles in the north point, so my heart found no rest till I settled in Christ.

Alexander once said to a soldier, of the same name as himself, who had proved himself a coward in the field of battle, "Either change your name or honor it!"

A horse is not known by his bridle, or by the saddle that he wears, but by his qualities; so men are known and esteemed by the character they possess.

Some Christians are like chestnuts; they may be very good and sound, but they are enclosed in very prickly bars. Look out for the critics; they are full of bars.

Our lips may adore religion, but our lives must adorn it. How many men we meet with will wrangle for their religion, write for it, defend it, fight for it, and even die for it, yet they will not live for it.

The desire for more power caused angels to fall; the desire for more knowledge caused man to fall, but in pure love to God there is no excess; neither can man nor angels come into danger by it. Give me love!

It is almost as dangerous to give an



mention to some people as to take a thorn from a lion's paw.

No man can hinder our communion with God. Every Salvationist can build a Barracks within his breast, appoint himself the Captain, his heart the altar, and the earth he treads on the altar.

How many Comrades we used to know in the Army's early days who used to pray much for others, and who begged the prayers of other Comrades that they might be kept true, but now they have left the "beggar's trade" and live in an imaginary image of their own self-collected sufficiency.

"The only way to gain spiritual power is by secret waiting at the Throne of God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Every moment spent in real prayer is moment spent in refreshing the fire of God within the soul. This fire cannot be simulated; nothing else will produce its effects." "Not that the Lord's own appointed means, nothing but 'waiting at the Throne,' nothing but keeping the heart moment by moment, penetrated by His Spirit, can put the soul into that condition in which it is a meet instrument to impart the light and power of God to other men."

Hardgo was a Fine Corps.

with thirty Soldiers on the roll. Hallelujah!" shouted the Lieutenant. "While there's life there's hope." "I'm afraid there's no hope for this place, but I trust for the best," said Live-in-the-Past. After some prayer the Officers called to see Sister Take-things-as-they-come, who assured them that all was well with her. The meeting that night was fully attended by the Soldiers. The Officers seemed disappointed, but the Captain rose to give out the first song with a ring of victory in his voice. "We're a band that shall conquer the foe!" "Of course we are!" responded the Lieutenant. "Glory to God!" shouted Brother Look-ahead, "It's about time," said Thillifate, and very soon they were singing it very heartily.

During the prayers, one Soldier was sitting on the seat with his head bowed, and another on one knee, until the Captain shouted, "Let us all get

Down Before God on Both Knees,

and claim a mighty outpouring of His Spirit." Two or three prayed.

The Lieutenant gave out a second song, and then testimonies were asked for. "I wish to rise," said Live-in-the-Past, and, with a solemn voice, said, "Dear friends, I am glad I'm saved; ten years ago I knelt at the Cross, and I've been singing on my knees with my hands clasped, and I hope you will all pray that I may prove faithful." The Lieutenant started the chorus, "Never say die," and then Sister Take-things-as-they-come assured them that she was steadfast and unmovable, and that she believed all things would work together for good. Another chorus, and Sergeant-Major Sit-at-Ease testified, "I thank God for what I am, and where I am; it's beautiful to rest

In the Lord's Arm Chair.

I hope to be kept ever thus." The Officers looked puzzled at such testimonies. After another chorus, Brother Thillifate rose to speak. Every ear was strained to hear what he had to say, and thus he commenced: "I have been think-



Christmas Confab.

(Editor) Hello! Is that you, Major Gaskin?—and you, Staff-Captain Minnee?—Why! and here's Major Bennett why-dare me!—shake hands Adjutant Ayre. God bless you, Captain Stanbury.

Come in! Come in! every one of you! Welcome to the War Cry confab! Welcome! Ten thousand times! Glad to see you have all got safely through the blizzards and wintry snow-drifts—what's that—pretty tough travelling? Yes, I'm sure you have! Well, take a chair gentleman, and warm your toes at this big stove. Hello, Shea, my boy, pile some more logs on the fire and get the stove to draw sharp—that's it. K-e-r-r, say! Is that door shut?—"Not quite!" Well, just close it right up tight and bolt it. That's right! Now take these fur coats and hang them up on the pegs. (Aside.)—Courtesy is a mark of genuine religion, you know.) Now, gentlemen and ladies—our Captain Stanbury. I should say, perhaps I'd better say—Comrades—think yourselves at home. I hope you feel so. My invitation to this War Cry confab was on behalf of the 10,000 purchasers of the Christmas Cry, and while we drink a cup of "Jubilee," I propose that each visitor tell a story of the war. "Good idea!" Yes, when read, I guess they'll help our readers to digest their Christmas turkey and mince-pies—those who get as good as that—those who don't will want something to cheer them up in place of it, and these stories will come in line for that purpose.

Well, now, we must have something good for a start, else the folk won't read the rest, and as Commissioner Skilton says, we believe in bringing the women right out to the front. I propose that Captain Stanbury leads off—to had to call on a sister first?—not at all, Captain. I didn't say we wanted something "good" first? you can tell a good story, I know—no, there's no getting out of it, no go ahead. That's right, Comrade, give her a hand-appeal.

(Captain Stanbury of Great Falls):—Well, Comrades, I will tell you the story of the prodigal Son up-to-date, or

"How John Keor Got Cured."

There was nothing new about the religion that was being offered to the people in the street meetings that winter Sunday afternoon in Great Falls, but it was dressed up and garnished in a new way, and it was the dishing up that attracted and amused John Keor. The finale of the tambourines, the freedom and holy joy written in every movement of that handful of soldiers, certainly compared very favorably with his own independent self. It was twenty-one years since he had said good-bye to religion—that is, to the FORM of it. Being a Scotch-Canadian, John was a regular church-goer in youth and a total abstemious; but he married, and quarrelled with his wife over which church they should attend. It

ended in his staying away from church altogether, and for twenty-one years he had kept away from religion, and tried to keep away from God.

Fifteen years ago John came West, got employment on the C. P. R., at Regina, and later at Lethbridge, as car inspector. Major, Well, as I was going to say, while in every other way a thoroughly reliable man and upright, this was a great inconvenience, and after being forgiven over and over, he was finally dismissed for drunkenness. A spree followed this, then he came to the Falls and got work as a carpenter in the G. N. R. shops, but when his recommendation reached St. Paul, orders came to dismiss him, this time without a trial. Another spree followed, but right in the middle of it. John heard the boom of the Army drum outside one of the beer halls, and, half-amused, half interested, he followed to the hall; there God spoke to him tenderly and faithfully.

Mrs. Captain Guillelte led him to Jesus. He says he does not think he was saved that afternoon, but a Soldier was set to guard him between meetings. He laughs now and says it was the first time he was ever put under guard. Finally he got into the light and could say, "My Lord and my God." But they tell me, Mr. Editor, if you could have his picture then and now, they would tell their own tale.

(Editor)—Ask him to send it to me, Captain.

Nearly two years have passed away and John Keor has never wanted to go back to finish that spree. He has, however, come back to his old job as car inspector on the line, is a true Christian, a joy to his loved ones at home, and a comfort to himself. He lives three miles from the Army hall, but you can find him there every Sunday at 7 a. m., praying for sinners, and every night in the week he helps to dish up religion at the street corners to tempt other souls to eat and live.

Staff-Captain Minnee, you'll sustain the reputation of Scotland, I'm sure.

"I Feel It's True! I Feel It's True!"

Right you are, sir. It was a Christmas 9 years ago, he came into our meeting, intellectual, cultured, a gentleman in every sense of the word. I was a Cadet in training at Regent Hall, London, England, the most aristocratic corps in the Salvation Army world. Even members of the Royal

Family have listened to Salvation's story there.

Like the young warriors of the Middle Ages, I was anxious to do something great on the spiritual battlefield, and with my spurs. I left my seat, made my way to this gentleman, and, leaning forward, for I could see his apparent carelessness, and yet I seemed to see an uneasy look in his eyes.

He is an invalid, full of the richest thought of the most delinquent of infants. He was a cool, calculating, thoughtful man of this world; he knew of no other; he said to no other; would make the most of this.

We were "the victims of vacillating emotions, the fools of General Booth," so he said.

My chains of fear began to break, and my heart's feelings I poured out on him, when I heard him speak thus. I soon began to see "chorus that were broken, could vibrate once more," and that "meetings lay harked that Grace could restore."

Strange to say, he was taken in hand by God. Heavened, trembled, prayed, and shook off the tenacious devils of unbelief that cling with such destructive and damning effect on the souls of the cultured. He believed, rose, walked to the penitent-form.

Some suggestion about his praying mother, and the fountain of emotions burst—Behold, he wept!

Not just then did he feel satisfied. Three hours he struggled and shook. The devils were coming out. At last he said, "I cannot feel, but I will trust!" We shook hands, parted for the night. He had only gone a few hundred yards when the Light broke in on his soul, so long darkened by hellish doubt. He burst out with the words on that well-known Oxford Street and the midnight revellers heard a cry. "Twas, 'Oh! Glory to God! I FEEL IT'S TRUE! I FEEL IT'S TRUE!'"

God's promise to repentant, believing sinners is, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

So Christmas had come. As one has said, "We need not a new creed, but a new life."

He is the Local Treasurer of one of our most thriving Salvation Corps in the world's greatest metropolis.

(Editor) Good for Scotland—but what say you, Major Bennett? Have you got a blood-and-fire Western story ready? "Yes!" I needn't have asked. You are always up-to-date. Ensign Shea, a few more logs on the fire, that's all. Now attention everybody, for the North-West Major's story!

"Drunken Charlie Jeffries."

Never shall I forget the room of a poor, drunken Charlie Jeffries at the Army Cental, when he was crying to God for Salvation, and deliverance from sin; was a drunkard of the worst kind, his love for the devil had led him to do many desperate and ungodly things, and he had been around the unshame and leading houses in different large cities and towns, and none of his friends knew of his whereabouts,

with that which satisfied not. A few days before he was converted, he had arrived in the City of S—, after walking about eighty miles. He had been away from home, wife and children for many weeks, and he had been around the unshame and leading houses in different large cities and towns, and none of his friends knew of his whereabouts,

or his condition, neither did he know how his wife and children were getting along. He had often gone away like this before, and left them to want for food and clothing, and they had been driven by very low—the poor mother had given up, and was very sick; in fact, she had almost been at death's door. That awful drink had taken away his love for wife, children and home. He did not think about them, but simply rushed on from one town, or city to another, only to sink deeper into sin, and become more and more dissipated. He was a good workman, and had one or two trades in his hands, and if it had not been for the cursed cup, he might have been well to do. He was also a splendid musician; he could play any brass instrument, and had been in several bands, some of them were military bands, and some of them he had taught, and of course was always welcome in the music hall, or at the dance. This only helped him further on the road to ruin, and although he often got good money, he was away on the rocks. So one day, after he had been drinking, he was allowed to see his dreadful state and condition, and he said to one of his pals, "I'm sick of this, and I will get out of it some way," so they both walked to the City of S—.

He had not arrived there many hours before he was met by his own sister, who was an out-and-out Salvationist in the local Corps. As soon as she saw him she spoke to him, and walked a little distance from him, and said, "I'm sure you have! Well, take a chair gentleman, and warm your toes at this big stove. Hello, Shea, my boy, pile some more logs on the fire and get the stove to draw sharp—that's it. K-e-r-r, say! Is that door shut?—"Not quite!" Well, just close it right up tight and bolt it. That's right! Now take these fur coats and hang them up on the pegs. (Aside.)—Courtesy is a mark of genuine religion, you know.) Now, gentlemen and ladies—our Captain Stanbury. I should say, perhaps I'd better say—Comrades—think yourselves at home. I hope you feel so. My invitation to this War Cry confab was on behalf of the 10,000 purchasers of the Christmas Cry, and while we drink a cup of "Jubilee," I propose that each visitor tell a story of the war. "Good idea!" Yes, when read, I guess they'll help our readers to digest their Christmas turkey and mince-pies—those who get as good as that—those who don't will want something to cheer them up in place of it, and these stories will come in line for that purpose.

Well, now, we must have something good for a start, else the folk won't read the rest, and as Commissioner Skilton says, we believe in bringing the women right out to the front. I propose that Captain Stanbury leads off—to had to call on a sister first?—not at all, Captain. I didn't say we wanted something "good" first? you can tell a good story, I know—no, there's no getting out of it, no go ahead. That's right, Comrade, give her a hand-appeal.

MAJOR BENNETT.

with that which satisfied not.

A few days before he was converted, he had arrived in the City of S—, after walking about eighty miles. He had been away from home, wife and children for many weeks, and he had been around the unshame and leading houses in different large cities and towns, and none of his friends knew of his whereabouts,

he hurries, and enters the meeting. Jesus, the Saviour from sin, is being uplifted. Soldiers pray for and plead with him. At last his heart is melted, and he knelt at the feet of the sinner's Saviour. That was over five years ago. God has blessed and prospered him, and now, during a certain portion of his working days he mends the shoes of the little urchins free of charge. That is why they stand so eagerly around his little store, and wait for their turn to have their shoes mended.

W. A. STEIPER.

BACKSLIDER, COME HOME!

A Christmas Appeal.

WHY should I come home? I was saved, but I fell. Trifling though the cause may have been, yet my fall has made my friends and comrades lose confidence in me, and even made me lose confidence in myself. It's no use trying, I might as well stay where I am.

Wait a moment, my friend. Let me lead your thoughts a little while till we see where you are, and if you had better stay there. First of all, you have a soul ever drawing nearer on the wings of time to the storm of God's anger and the day of judgment. Believing this, dare you trust yourself anywhere except beneath the shelter of Father's roof and Father's care?

Think one moment of this, then let your memory carry you back to the time when you were at home—the happy hours, the songs of praise, the joy of cross-hearing, with never a pang of pain except when some well-loved Comrade stepped aside and left a vacant place.

Sweet Memories come Thronging

In the hours of communion with the best loved One of all, until it almost seems as if you still were there, but the fond fancy quickly passes and the dull, heavy heartache comes back again all the heavier and harder to bear after the bright glimpse of bygone days. Stop and think again, of the past, of the present, and of what the future may be by the grace of God, and COME HOME.



The Prodigal's Welcome.

And then those old-time Comrades—how they loved you, how they must have grieved, if they had Christlike hearts, as they saw you leaving home scarer knowing where you were going, with never a good-bye, and regardless of their pleadings for your return. Do you think they never cared? Do you believe they never prayed for you? Your very unhappiness in your wanderings bears witness to the fact that they and the Father Himself are still interested in your return. Then why not COME HOME?

You know your Comrades loved and still love you. You know they grieved and still grieve while you remain away. But there is

One Who Loves You

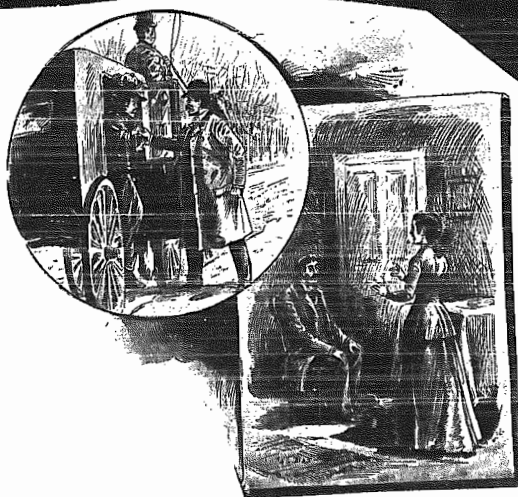
more than they and whose tender heart is craved beyond expression over your waywardness. True, He suffered on the Cross the pains of death, but would not that loving heart of His have suffered more real pain had He remained in Heaven, while you and I went down to eternal despair without hope or mercy, and is He not suffering this pain of heart, while you, for whom He died, have broken away from the tender ties by which He sought to bind you?

Stop and think again, and for your soul's sake and for Jesus' sake, COME HOME!

A. E. JESS,
Kentville, N. S.

Trust, firm trust, straightforward, childlike trust is the everlasting condition of all co-operation with God. He will not use, He will not bless, He will not inhabit the heart that, at the moment when He offers Him a request, says, "I doubt Thee."

"Unbelief and neglect of prayer generally go together as preventives of spiritual power."



I AM so thankful that Jesus was born in a manger, (not in a palace) in order that He might reach and save the lowly. For our sakes, poverty, might be made rich. The worldling still says to-day "Away with Him! No room for Jesus! Give me pleasure" etc. It shall be a happy Christmas to you if you will open your heart and let Him in.—Josh Jones, Emsen, Orilla.

Better shine and perish, than rust.

"When I am tempted to talk about my 'cross', I take it to Calvary and then it is so small I cannot see it."

"When I have learned to think Thy radiant thoughts,
To love the truth beyond the power to know it,
To bear my light as Thou Thy heavy cross,
Nor ever feel a martyr for Thy sake, . . .
When I have lost myself in other men,
And found myself in Thee—the Father then
Will come with Thee, and will abide with me."



He was very big—very strong and very cruel—cold and hard, and my suggestion to call early upon him at the smithy was met with a shower of disparagement by those who were interested in me. "It would not be the thing, besides, he would not listen to anybody who had anything good to say."

"Then, unless I went very early—day-break—others would be there, in which case I should have no chance." The force of the latter point I readily and fully saw—the reply to the former ones was given in my own mind, being made up to go and see what I could do.

The morning had just got the violet out of bed, as I closed the wicket gate of my temporary home—and they nodded and smiled at me kindly as I past them on my way to the blacksmith's shop. "Half an hour too soon," I thought, as my eyes fell upon the large locked doors of the wooden shed—and sitting down upon a door-step a little distance off, commenced to draw up a programme of the best way to proceed.

"I shall be in time to help him light the fire—that will be a good start—because, if he has been drunk the best part of the night, his head is sure to be badly aching. Then, to begin straight away about his soul would only mean I should be turned out and my opportunity lost." Too, I remembered how Jesus began with the hopeless Zacheus by inviting himself to dinner, and so far me to start by assisting Jack with his first duties will do well. "Secondly, I shall ask him to explain to me"—and a tall, strong figure putting in an appearance at the bottom of the road, brought my mental preparation to an abrupt ending.

I waited until he got well in, and then following, said: "Good morning, Jack. I am out very early to-day—would you let me watch you in your work a little while?" and without stopping to tell you how, I was soon being most interestingly entertained by a series of lectures on the problems of horse-shoeing given in Jack's own style. The utter absence of the least resemblance to monotony in these, made my intermittent attempts to try my own hand at the business quite



unnecessary. All the same, the hammering at a scurvy live piece of iron suggested a change too attractive to be resisted, and when yielded to, certainly added happy emphasis to all Jack was saying. He somewhat gave it that I did well with the shoe—but I knew it was a miserable failure—the hammer was too heavy—still, with the blowing up of the fire I got on famously, and after being told how cruel Jack was, I took his anxiety to prevent my coming into collision with the sparks as a mark that the smouldering embers of tenderness were still alive in his poor, dark soul.

Then came in a man with a big horse, and then another with a little one, and left them to be shod and calked for later. I kept quiet in the corner and was pleased they did not appear to see me, for I feared my noticed presence might make Jack feel somewhat awkward. Just as he was becoming glad to have me there,

When Jack sat down to eat a bit of breakfast brought in his pocket, right behind the head of the largest horse, although full of wonder as to whether village cart-horses ever kicked, I sat close beside him and said—"You have lived a

...which meant their situations, and poverty My arguments did not fail to weigh, for more than once I noticed tears spring to the eyes of ... and there was a kind of unusual hushiness in his voice when he persuaded me to take a few more strawberries. Although he did not give me any promise of using his influence in the direction of pushing our petition through

...fulness to God and the King to the very full, but space will not permit, so to "run a long story short," I can but tell you that we received a telegram announcing that our petition was successful, and that the obnoxious clause in the Act of Parliament was expunged.

And so it came to pass that the Parliament of the greatest Empire in the world, which had previously passed the Act, did at the request of the Salvation Army, revoke a former decision on seeing it was contrary to British liberty.

"No Hope for Jack."

THERE was very little hope for Jack—in fact the majority of people said there was none—he had many times been in the barracks—heard them singing and had been prayed over—that was when his behaviour made it possible. Generally his coming in but resulted in his going out under police jurisdiction, for Jack was scarcely ever sober.

He was the worst man in the village, and his dark deeds were not only confined to this more quiet spot, but spread to the neighbouring town, where his behaviour was both well-known and feared.

Jack was so bad, that he could never be any better—seemed to have become a fact which was felt and said by all, and no one was so well satisfied with the truth of this conclusion of his case as Jack himself.

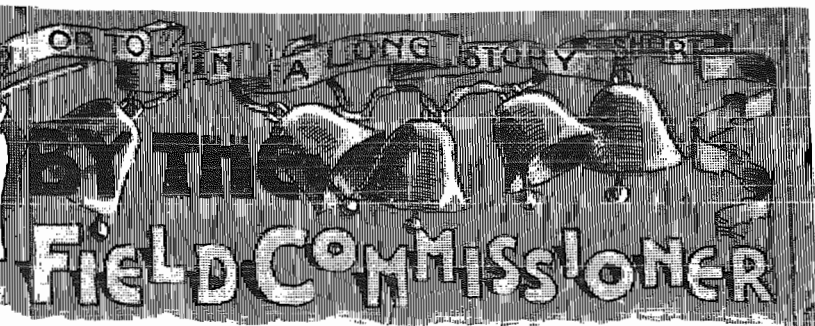


brought me to the desired destination. The Officer with whom I parried at the entrance, with something of pity in his tones, had remarked, "Your face is very white! I am sure the Lord will be with you."

I was not at all discouraged at my evident timidity, for early had my sainted mother taught me that courage was only in demand where natural sensitiveness made one shrink, and where feeling and circumstances favored, there was no need for the brave.

I did not feel any better when I got inside. It was such a very big place, and the policemen standing at their different posts appeared so stiff and straight that one would think the pillars could be moved with less damage than they, and those struggling to perform their duty, who asked my business as I passed, were so impressed with my bonnet that their stock sentences lost formality in coming out all upside down.

But the Jordan crossed, then the Canaan. If anything can make one feel at home it is strawberries and cream, and a hot discussion over the table. The former was a pleasant surprise, the latter not to be wondered at, for was not I in the one spot of the world where not discussions, with plenty of common sense are supposed to abound? I plucked the tu-



long time now, Jack, and your life has been a very wicked one, too. I expect you have had a lot of sorrow in it, anyway a lot of miserable days, and as I was looking at your grey hairs just now, Jack, I was thinking what a shame it was that one who could be so good and happy as I am sure you could be should travel all the way to the grave and die as dark and wretched as you are living." To this Jack only gave me a quick look, and said nothing, and so I went on.

"I should not be surprised if you had sat often wished you were different. Then did you not have a little girl that you buried, Jack, and was it not then you first turned so wicked, because you loved her best and she died? Don't you ever think about her now and feel you must see her again, Jack? And you know her home is in the skies." Jack put his head in his hands and looked the picture of woe. For a little time there was silence, but at last he spoke and told me all his story. It was a long story—dark and despairing, and cruel and bad—told had dragged him down into deep, low places—but he wept, and wept the tears of sorrow for sin, and as I listened to the story of that blood-bought heart, I wept too; for he told me of every promise broken—every hope forsaken—every joy faded and gone. Then Jesus came—came as truly and really as He did into that manger of long ago to meet with the worst of men that "None need perish," and met with Jack just between the furnace and the heaven.

anguish of despairing souls and upon these story floors have dropped many tears as I have written down the message to take back to the wife or to the children. Oh, blessed and beautiful Salvation Army that has carried the message of Salvation and hope to so many haunts of vice and places of tears!

In all parts of the world are flowers springing from seed sown in secret spots. On leaving a thronged building to catch a midnight train from one of the largest of Canadian cities, a gentleman with a gentleman's courtesy and in a gentleman's attire, touched my elbow and asked to speak with me as I pressed through the crowded lobby.

"I really cannot stay," I said; "you must excuse me—I shall miss my train."

"One moment, Miss Booth," pleaded the stranger—"I must speak with you," and drawing me into a shady corner, said, while his eyes filled with tears—"Do you not remember praying with me in a prison cell in Holloway Jail, in the Old County?" I have that prayer to thank for what I am to-day.

long—for a short six weeks after our first meeting, he went to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb—died singing—"I want to hear the slipping of the Angels' wings," and told me he would watch for me just inside the gate "Where all tears are wiped away, where there shall be no more hunger and no more death."

First Arrest.

IT SEEMED as if July was throwing the heat of her whole month into the laps of that one day's sun, and I think it must have been upon this occasion that I first realized that the shape of an Army honnet was an inspiration—for, tipped up at the back, it comes over the front and gives you a parasol without the trouble of holding one!

The particularly earnest attention that was given by all around that open-air ring, made my heart exceptionally buoyant in faith and determination for victory over the host of hell. The devil saw and knew it, as the devil always does know of desperate intentions on the side of Jesus, and the first prayer was not concluded before a gruff voice asked behind me:

Straight into Bread 'n Milk.

I JUST picked them up and walked off with the two without asking any one; well, there was no one to ask.



Brown-Capped Teapot!

THOUGHT the floor would never come clean! Yet I could not stamp out the conviction that to do away with a little of the filth which had accumulated, through five years of utter neglect, would greatly assist in brightening the gloom of dying Joe's last hours.



"And to run a long story short," it was there his transgressions were covered—it was there the light broke in—it was there the Angel enrolled his name—it was there his bitter tears were lost in joy, and it was there his big hands clasped mine while we sang "Rock of Ages, rock for me. I will hide myself in Thee," and although I have not seen Jack since, I can fancy how he looked as they afterwards described him to me—beholding even the pre-cursor in a Blood and Fire jersey—a faithful follower of the Lamb.

Jack may be spending this Christmas in the City where blacksmiths' shops are never wanted. I don't know, anyway I shall go and call on him again as soon as I get to Heaven.

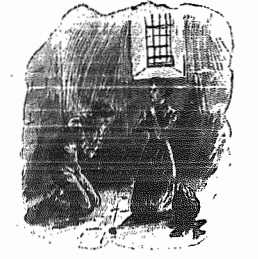
I have found a stable, an old barn, or the carpenter's shed best spots in which to get his sinners converted. Jesus favors and visits them now as in the days when He was upon earth. Let us do more, mixing with publicans and sinners and not act as though an Army penitentiary was the only place where such can set their sins forgiven.

"Who is the leader of this meeting?"

The information was quickly given as I immediately said, "I am, sir," and without any further enquiry or question my left arm was seized with such painful force that had I been made of no stronger material than my uniform, it would certainly have left the socket. I asked the policeman to walk a little slower, for I felt so much like fainting. I feared I might have to trouble him to carry me, but for a mile and a quarter he never slackened his speed, so hurrying me on, that it was only with a little run now and again I could anyway keep up. The Cadets and Soldiers followed, singing "All the way to Calvary He went for me," and by the time we reached the police station there was a crowd of hundreds of people.

"To run a long story short," I was soon released, but the roughest element of my sympathizers, knowing too well I had been arrested on false accusation, vented their fury upon the man who had so overstepped his duty, and the boys reached me, that he lay helpless and suffering at home, as well that he had been dismissed from the force. With all haste I made enquiries for him at the police station—hunted him up—visited his home—brought the salvation of God to change his heart—found him a new situation, and on sending his letter many months after, signed "Your Saved Policeman," felt truly grateful for the early proof God gave me that "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Do You not Remember?



HE above represents so many scenes of its character that as my space is so small I think it best for me to say that every opportunity I could possibly find or make of visiting these long, dark corridors of sorrow and sin I have always used and have seen truly nothing short of miracles wrought on prison floors.

In these cells I have witnessed my arms around motherless girls—have listened to heart-rending stories—I have prayed with hope-forsaken men, I have witnessed the

Hence, despite the heavy threats brought down upon my defenceless head from the occupant of the floor beneath, who declared that her baby was in danger of being drowned in the drops creeping through the aged boards—despite the repeated alarms of old Joe in the direction that I was encroaching my death, and the insufferable of my scrubbing into bristly-cold water instead of hot, a brush, the bristles of which were conspicuous by their absence, and my pocket handkerchiefs, the fire lit under my feet, I persevered until I looked with great satisfaction upon the work of my hands.

Rewarding persistent energy, I did come clean—the fire lit under my feet, I persevered until I looked with great satisfaction upon the work of my hands.

Reverend persistent energy, I did come clean—the fire lit under my feet, I persevered until I looked with great satisfaction upon the work of my hands.

Reverend persistent energy, I did come clean—the fire lit under my feet, I persevered until I looked with great satisfaction upon the work of my hands.



[Continued on page 12.]

Ten Christmas ago : A drunkard picked up by the Army.

TRADING FOR GOD



OD morning, Staff-Captain Horn, only a few moments just a little talk on Trade matters generally."

"It is not a very difficult matter to get people to talk upon that theme which lies nearest their hearts, and the advancement of which has become the one purpose for their lives."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the genial Staff-Captain.

"I presume you are in charge of this branch of Salvation Army warfare?"

"Yes, entirely responsible to the Commissioner in command of the Territory for the whole trading operations of the Salvation Army in this country."

"Yes, by the way, Staff-Captain, I should like to have your opinion on the subject of Salvation Army trading generally. Of course, you know that there are ever so many people who find considerable difficulty in recoupling trade—that is, buying and selling, etc.—with the purely spiritual work, viz., the salvation of sinners and the sanctifying of believers. What need is there, they ask, for such 'extraneous' trading in an organization such as the Salvation Army?"

"Your Question is a Very Broad One.

and needs very careful answering. In the first place, my great difficulty with such people is to account for their widdy marked, and much-talked-of distinction in these matters between the spiritual and the non-spiritual. If by spiritual they mean praying and preaching, or singing only, then the thought will force itself upon me, and find expression, why such exclusively spiritual people should ever indulge in such earthly and temporal matters as eating and drinking, etc."

"Is that not rather an extreme method of putting the case. Are not eating and drinking matters of necessity? And does not the Scripture declare the possibility, nay, the command to eat and drink to the glory of God?"

"Quite so, and that is just my point. But the question of necessity is a very broad one and capable of many applications. As with eating and drinking, which in the very nature of things implies a buying and selling, so with trading on a broader principle."

People Must be Clothed.

and (and there be a decided preference otherwise) must be shod."

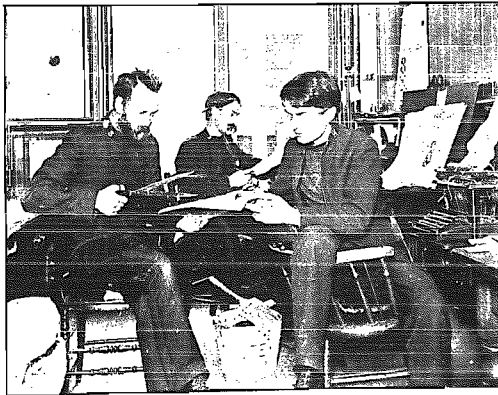
"Yes, I quite see your meaning, but this scarcely touches the question at issue. Why an organization like the Salvation Army, (whose object is so manifestly the salvation of souls and the extension of the Kingdom of God in the hearts and lives of earth's people) should enter into the already-filled arena of commerce, and take its stand with those whose sole aim is to supply the temporal needs of the people."

"You remember I said at the commencement of our conversation your question was a broad one, and needed you agree with me that to eat and drink, be clothed, etc., is a matter of necessity: the question now is the meeting of that necessity. The business world endeavors to do this, with ostensibly two objects in view—1, that of

supplying the needs of the people and 2, that of securing personal profit in the increase of business and the amassing of wealth, etc., or, in other words, how to meet the needs of the people with the greatest profit to itself. Thus the spirit that governs them, is, to a very great extent, if not altogether, a selfish one. This selfishness, which is so directly opposed to all that we know of God or of goodness, and which so often completely excludes God from the world of business, is one of the greatest and most God-dishonoring evils the world is guilty of in this present day. Yes, it declares, 'we must have God in the church at the appointed time on the Sabbath, but a God who really present, and as truly worshipped and honored in all the business transactions of the remaining six days of the week is not quite in keeping with their ideas of things. Hence the curse in much of the business of today, and

The Haveco and Blight it Spreads

among the whirling, rushing throng that crowd its marts."



Some of the Principle Working Members of the SAM SORTER CO.

They wish all the War Cry readers a very happy and useful Christmas. They have come to see you in place of the usual competition and Sam sorter's notes. They won't take any of your Christmas plain pudding and roast

course, larger profits, which in turn means greater facilities for carrying on the work of God. That this is no mere catchpenny statement or cant, the following facts will indisputably prove. During the last ten years the International Trade Headquarters in England has handed over to the Spiritual Fund of the Salvation Army

No Less than \$400,000.

to be used in the maintenance and extension of the work of God, at home as well as in the uttermost corners of the earth. To come a little nearer home you may be surprised to hear that during the last six years the Trade Department has given to the Spiritual Fund of our own Territory the sum of \$81,042.35 to carry on the war against Sin and Satan. What these figures have really meant to hundreds and thousands of earth's worst and most hopeless the Great Morning will alone reveal."

"Enough, Staff-Captain. Those last statements of yours have sort of searched up any other objections I might have urged. Tell me, of how many does your 'Trade Department consist?"

"Forty; thirteen Officers and Twenty-seven employees."

"How are your employees paid?"

"Full Union Wages.

So you see, sweating is unknown in our workshops and departments."

"Excellent! How many departments have you?"

"Five; Printing, Etching, Tea, Tailoring, General Merchandise, including Publications, etc."

"Have you anything particular to tell your 'Cry' readers, in the way of new departments, etc.?"

"Oh, yes! Tell them that we have made arrangements with International Headquarters to supply us with their



STAFF-CAPTAIN HORN, Trade Secretary, Territorial Headquarters, Toronto.

the world) God-honoring object lesson, who love Him supremely best, and seek His glory supremely first, as much in the daily routine of business as in the quiet of the sanctuary."

"Good morning!"

"Good morning to you!"

"One other word. These mornings are getting very cold now. Tell the dear 'Cry' readers what you think of the overcoat you got from us."

"I will!"

MEMO.

Dear "Cry" readers: Having heard from almost everybody on my arrival in the land of the Maple Leaf of the severity of your winters, I determined to carry out the precept of the old adage "Forewarned is forearmed," and I am now "forearmed" in one of our own-made overcoats, which for warmth and fit surpasses anything I have ever worn."

Yours respectfully,
HENRY KENNING, Ensign.

CHRISTMAS

Among the Backsliders.

A Letter from a Prodigal.

Their hearts ache badly to be back again when they get away from us. Here's a typical backslider's letter received by the Commissioner lately. God bless these downy backsliders!

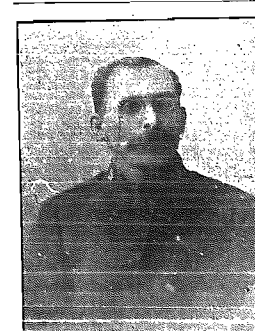
Dear Commissioner:

I write you this letter, weary, sick and heart-broken. I arrived here in Baltimore last Tuesday and was picked up by a police patrol in an unconscious condition. God has at last brought me so low that I don't know which way to turn. This has been the heaviest sin-sickness I have ever had to admit to you, with all sincerity, that I did a great wrong when I tore up my papers, and since then God has chastised me. I can truly cry out with a loud voice, "My God! My God! Why have I forsaken Thee?"

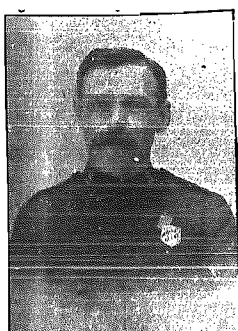
What is the best thing for me to do? I feel that I have to come back and serve my God in the same place where I lay down the reins. May God help me!

I have an offer to go to New York with cattle. Yes, a gentleman here said that if he thinks to-day he will send me. Oh! I do pray that none of the Comrades will ever be hasty in doing things they ought not to do. Yours very respectfully,

ONCE A FAITHFUL SOLDIER.



ADJUTANT PHILLIPS, Vancouver, B.C., an old friend and formerly Printing Manager, who did good service on the last Christmas War Cry.



STAFF-CAPTAIN RAWLING, Assistant Trade Secretary, Toronto.

"The Salvation Army, with its all-embracing, and all-condition-overcoming motto, 'The World for God,' strikes directly at the root of this terrible evil, preaching the uttermost salvation of an All-Sufficient Saviour, which, like any complete cure, is meant to take in all classes and conditions of life and labor, enabling one to glorify God as much at the desk in the counting house, or in the family circle at home, as in the pew on the Sabbath—with its customary method of procedure, not only preached against the evil but also set

An Example to the Business World

for good."

"This rapid, world-wide extension, and swift increase of followers and sympathizers with the movement, revealed the need of some means by which they could obtain those things they required, and at the same time, SPEND THEIR MONEY. IF SUCH WERE POSSIBLE, to the glory of God. The commencement of glory of God. The commencement of Salvation Army trading operations at home met their needs, and gave them the opportunity they sought. It was made possible by the working for the purchase of those things that whatever amount they spent, the profit from their purchases would go directly towards the extension of the Kingdom of God, at home, as well as in foreign countries, and not, as in former instances, to help enrich any one particular individual or company of individuals."

"This is really the principle that underlies all our dealings in the direction of trading, etc. Increased trade means, of

course, larger profits, which in turn means greater facilities for carrying on the work of God. That this is no mere catchpenny statement or cant, the following facts will indisputably prove. During the last ten years the International Trade Headquarters in England has handed over to the Spiritual Fund of the Salvation Army

No Less than \$400,000.

to be used in the maintenance and extension of the work of God, at home as well as in the uttermost corners of the earth. To come a little nearer home you may be surprised to hear that during the last six years the Trade Department has given to the Spiritual Fund of our own Territory the sum of \$81,042.35 to carry on the war against Sin and Satan. What these figures have really meant to hundreds and thousands of earth's worst and most hopeless the Great Morning will alone reveal."

"Enough, Staff-Captain. Those last statements of yours have sort of searched up any other objections I might have urged. Tell me, of how many does your 'Trade Department consist?"

"Forty; thirteen Officers and Twenty-seven employees."

"How are your employees paid?"

"Full Union Wages.

So you see, sweating is unknown in our workshops and departments."

"Excellent! How many departments have you?"

"Five; Printing, Etching, Tea, Tailoring, General Merchandise, including Publications, etc."

"Have you anything particular to tell your 'Cry' readers, in the way of new departments, etc.?"

"Oh, yes! Tell them that we have made arrangements with International Headquarters to supply us with their

famous series, so that in the future purchasers can rely upon getting a good thing in the uniform and dress-goods line."

"Good! But, say! What about the price? You know nobody complains about your prices being too low."

"Tell them, that instead of increasing the price of the goods, we have cut down the profits to meet the need, trusting that large orders and quick returns will repay us."

"(Chorus of voices throughout the Territory.—"That's something like reasoning, that is. Well done, Staff-Captain!")

"Anything else?"

"Yes," tell them that

We Have no Need of Clearance Sales

to dispose of Mr. So-and-So's unsold and unsuitable stock. All our goods are made to order, direct from the piece, so that there is no fear of the poor 'dummies' being stripped to provide raiment for the dear Comrade up in the North-West."

"Remember, Staff-Captain, this is Christmas time and it's customary to give something nice to one's friends at this season of the year."

"Oh, yes! I will do both. God bless them all, both comrades and friends, and may the blessings that followed the ending of the 'Fest of Christmas be theirs this Christmas-tide!"

"And now for the giving. What will you give them?"

"Upon receipt of letter, I will give them, post free, a further particulars and details of the Trade Department."

"God bless you! Staff-Captain and all who with you are engaged in this (to

(Continued from page 3.)

Once there, the two went straight into a warm bath, that risky and important operation (for it was their first) being included, straight with all starved energy into bread and milk, from well-emptied basins straight into the arms of that dear comforter God had provided for tired children of all years,—sleep,—from which awaking, straight into the charms of a rag doll and basket rattle.

Then three days after with me straight to the responsible authorities, and "to run a long story short," the children and I pleaded the case in such a straight way that with the Christ of the poor behind us, we three did no other than come off "More than conquerors" in the victory that rescued the lambs from cold and want and woe.

THE Skeleton Captain's HEART BROKE.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS had been offered by the chief publican of the town as the reward for the capture of the Salvation Army flag. This accomplished, the Hood and Fire binnings was to be publicly burned for the amusement of the mob. For the Salvation Army was not wanted, there were plenty of churches, the town was far too aristocratic—were among the arguments with which our people were met—although sin and misery did abound up its byways and behind the hedges of empty professions, of the persecution as represented in our picture was a proof.

Upon this particular night, stones fell fast and heavy, as stones always do,

playing with my watch, I thought it an opportune moment to speak to the dark, wretched father of the child and said: "I do not know your name, so excuse my not using it, but I want to see you and talk with you—You must let me," and he did let me, and I talked, and I prayed, and I sang, and I cried, and I believed, and his heart broke, and the mother whined the baby out of the room, as though she would not disturb me for the world, when she saw his face hurried in his hands. I said—"Tray!" He said, "I'm too bad!" I said, "Tell the Lord you feel so." He said, "I don't know how!" I said, "Get down on your knees and I will talk out loud, and you say the words after me," and he did through such sobs and groans, that the little rough dog on the mat whined pitifully, while it pulled at his coat. He soon wandered away from my prayer and talked to Heaven himself. It was so wonderful, wonderful to see him, wonderful to hear him, wonderful the way his face lit up, wonderful how heartily he sang,—but all that happiness is wonderful when a sinner is at the Cross. I fancied I heard the Angels shouting, "There shall be great joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth." I left the garden gate, and while thinking now, I see him, as then, standing at the door with his baby in his arms, and his wife by his side, in the light of the cottage lamp and God's salvation. I am not quite sure, but I think I heard him say to the little dog Snap, "who seems to know all about it," showed frantic excitement, in flicking his boots all over—"Dear old Snap, you shall see a difference too."

There are lots of other things I would like to tell you, but I can't—there is not the time or space, besides, it is too late, and I am too tired.

So, "to run a long story short," the change referred to by "Gus," in the promise given Snap was so great, that were it my privilege to introduce "Gus" to my readers, I should have to be careful to give him his title as a local officer of his Corps, fighting to uplift the Flag that in his days of sin he sought to destroy.

the people by exceptional visiting, and accomplish something in that way?"

"Oh, no," was the reply—"almost the whole population work in factories, chaff making, and to go to their homes would be to find them empty."

My course was immediately open, my way was clear before me—how it would have never struck anybody else I could not imagine or stay to consider. A few more enquiries gave me the addresses and names with the hours of opening of the respective buildings down on the back of an old envelope, and the following morn found me among the earliest to enter the big doors of the most important factory.

My first visit caused great surprise—I met with little besides cold sneers and stiff indifference, as I went from room to room and spoke to the different girls.

One of the masters said I should divert the attention of the ladies from their work, and looked curiously at me as I perused with my various enquiries to the numerous platings and twistings of the cane, thrown into all manner of patterns with such marvellous rapidity. However, no one said anything actually unkind or disagreeable—in fact when I was going, one thin-faced girl whispered to me our something about it being early for me to be up, or else she would ask me to come again.

My weeks' visit spread into two and nearly three. Four or five days spent in the way above described, rendered me privileges with which no others in the town were favored. Things so changed that the sight of my face inside those doors brought forth among the workers of pleasure—both in the men's factories as well as the women's. I could sing with the banjo all day if I liked and squeeze in many conversations as possible into the hours. But, as I talked and sang, looking at such a number of busy fingers, my own became so eager to enter into the fray that I asked for no share in the less important work, and to the delight of all became almost an apprentice to the trade. It was considered I rendered such satisfactory service that my wages were to be paid in the form of two first-class chairs being especially made for me.

But what about the Barracks? It was crowded night after night—of course it was, I had put myself out of the way and gone early to them and they did the same and came late to me—and, "to run a long story short," hundreds were converted. Their song of "My sins, my sins, my sins are under the blood" was to be heard in the streets, ringing through the little windows of those army factory buildings—Army mottoes hung on their walls, and when I left the town, the station was full of men and women who wept and wailed their nonchalance until the train, with me in tears as well, was out of sight.

If the people do not come to you — wherever it is — because they can't or won't — go to them!



Jesus and I in a Factory.

A BIG HALL with nobody in it, which meant what always a large, empty hall must mean, a his rent, with nobody to pay it.

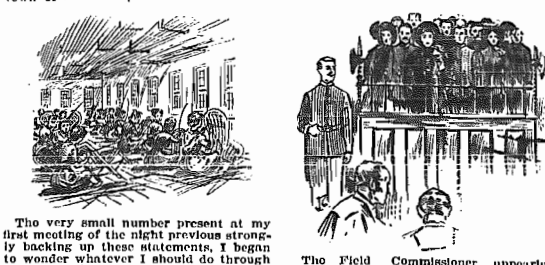
The people had never come—would come—could not be persuaded to come, no matter what you did or didn't do—said or didn't say—was or wasn't, they would neither come to hear or to see. Such was the tale that was told me at the breakfast table the morning following my arrival in the quaint little town of —

sticks and rotten eggs were in abundance, and the very atmosphere seemed thick with the blasphemy of the tongues of our opponents. A single signal from the leader of the enemy's troops and some hundreds of men, bribed by publicans, made a desperate attack on our colors. I saw the weaker of my people fall, I saw the blood oozing from the temples of those who stood their ground in the struggle, I heard the cursing and swearing of the infuriated crowd as they saw their object thwarted, for our banner, carrying the marks of the conflict in its tattered folds, still waved.

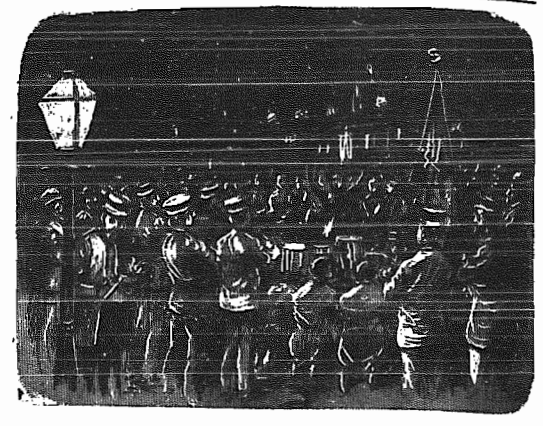
Struggling to keep my feet at the head of the procession, I came face to face with the ring-leader, and "neath the rays of the street lamp read the spite and hate enlivened in his countenance. I do not know how it was he did not strike me to the earth with the heavy club he uplifted—but in his moment of hesitation, as quickly as ever I could, I said—"You know we love you and are only here because we want to help you."

Finding he commenced work at 8 a.m., it was a little after five when I called at his cottage for several mornings trying to get an interview, but was not successful, until one evening I walked right through the open door and expressed my determination to see him. He did not strike me and the father's soul, at the very moment I put in my appearance, a cup of tea turned over almost on the baby, and although the catastrophe did, through a pretty sprinkling over the tip of its shoe, there was no doubt in the infant mind but what it was burning to death, for it screamed as only a fisherman's baby can, when determined to show off its exceptional lung power to the best of advantage.

I immediately seized my chance to render service, and when baby settled, was



The very small number present at my first meeting of the night previous strongly backing up these statements, I began to wonder whatever I should do through the week I had been sent to "set things up," and asked, "Can you not get it



A Photograph for Heaven.

IT HAD BEEN RAINING, raining, raining until the sun set. All the same when we lifted our song that night, "Just as I am, without plea," the crowd numbered thousands of people. The thoroughfare was blocked—people behind people before, people wherever you looked—and yet it was a neighborhood which knew the Salvation Army as well as any in the world.

A site for a new Barracks could not be found, neither was there a building suitable to be purchased, and the faithful little band had held their meetings in the street through the changing seasons of four long years. On this wet night they were at their post—full of burning love, red-hot zeal and determined faith.

It was a wonderful sight, I remember I seized the sleeve of a policeman who mentioned something about it being time we were going, and asking him to step on the little temporary platform, said: "Look with me, I can't tell wonderful! I am sure the Angels must have made a photograph of such a picture to hang on the walls of Heaven."

The big drum and the little drum, with some chairs borrowed from the nearest houses, constituted the penitential-form, and there were no less than fifty-two kneeling there in the mud and the starlight, singing—"His Blood avails for me." The publican had greatly changed from the time the meeting began, and leaped out of the window of his large establishment in his shirt sleeves as if eager not to miss a word.

Clergymen whose church services were reticulated were there in the crowd side by side with the poorest and most far-off—faithful soldiers stood with their arms around the neck of backsliders, and little children were to be seen crying, "Look with me, I can't tell wonderful!"

Oh, why can we not do more with the chances that are given us in our streets!

Wheeling For God.

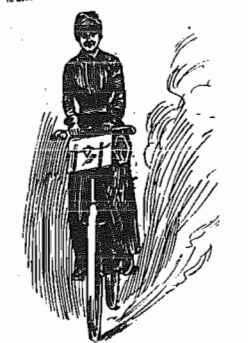
IT WAS the loveliest of mornings, and all the birds seemed to think it was their day for doing their prattling best. As I strapped my mackintosh cape to my handle bars, in fact, the feathered choir appeared as eager to give us a good send-off, as we were ready to leave. Having one, and so after a cup of tea, and some prayer—with a fair wind and shouts of "God bless you!" behind us, at 8 a.m., sun shining, we were off on an eighty-mile journey, followed by seven messengers before us, and I my twenty comrades struck out in regiment form with the whole old world flying after.

My wheel was—as a war-horse in battle for peace should always be—good trim; myself, well, I was in the best trim, and ready for the attack. My staff, judging from their ever-angry expressions dropped by the way, had burning souls and conquering faith, for burning hallelujahs and shouts of glory—"Good morning, mother,"—"Am glad to see you, father!"—"Mind you get to Heaven, Mary," and "Be a good boy, Tommy," were in the air, and the greetings which met the village occupants, as we flew from mile-stone to mile-stone.

More than one cottage was called upon for a cup of tea, bread and butter and anything else that was good and cheap, for the greater number of my brigade were of that sex, the appetites of which

The Field-Commissioner appearing with twenty-five Soldiers before the Magistrate at the Police-Court, Torquay.

are too well-known to need comment here. Opportunities were made for prayer-meetings and several persons were dealt with about their souls. Then the lights of Norwich City fell in with the lights of our lamp, and no more, no small stir as the uniform attire we fulfilled our preceding announcements, that we were to arrive on Saturday night.



I was not expected at that night's meeting, and between us two I was not sorry, for I dropped into bed the first chance, the mother-heart at my side, offered, and was not troubled with sleeplessness, either. All the same, the next morning early breezes blew in reports of the big crowd and splendid time my fellow travellers had.

Then followed some of the most blessed meetings of my experience in my child-hood's land, concluding with between eighty and a hundred souls—225—a right-down hearty invitation to come again, (especially if I could manage to do so in such an inexpensive way,) and a "God bless you!" from every Soldier, the fervency of which came with me to Canada.

I certainly felt most sleepy and tired on looking at my off-earn to recuperate my wheel on Tuesday morning, and seriously wondered how my feet would not when put to the test of propelling through the long journey home.

Then it had rained heavily through the night, and every "cylinder" knows the certain tendencies of a road that has been the recipient of a steady pour through the hours of the night, no matter what effort the awakening sun may put forth to parch the mud puddles. Heavens, again a cup of tea made a world of difference to tired feelings, and my heart was so happy over the number of sinners saved, and the number of soldiers blessed, that although I could not see it, I am sure it was with a bright face, as well as with a spirit of impatience I mounted and fell into line as the Officers approached my billet door.

We had not got over the first thirty miles before reinforcements in the shape of mad-looking coppers were in command, and a strong head wind cutted best strength to the front.

Some parts of the road were excessively slippery, and one's equilibrium seemed to be kept more by faith than skill, for it was one of the cleverest riders who said behind me "Wasn't the turn over but the sudden stop" as quite by mistake he found himself under his machine instead of on it. The wheels of several others seemed to run on the line "Hardship makes good soldiers," as well as strictly adhering to the principle "Never give in," for what they could not ride through they rolled through, coming to a standstill the right way by mistake, a bright little cottage somewhere half-way between Norwich and London.

Had we been dressed any other than as we were, we should not have appeared very presentable, for the wind, out of kindness, had vigorously combed our hair, the rain had, with the best of good wishes re-washed us on the way—the mud all in good humor played hop, skip and a jump with every revolution of the wheels. But the Army uniform gives a man and a woman a respectable appearance under all circumstances, and I am sure the old man who answered our knock thought so, for you could not call it any other than an abundant entrance, he gave with a face that laughed in every feature when he cried, "Come in, come in, sit you down, my dear young men, where. Yes, the parlour or the kitchen, which you choose." We chose the kitchen, the parlor appearing so full of sacred treasures, and on the road had said out loud and got out without a general breakage would have puzzled a statesman.

We were safe in the kitchen—besides, we thought as the rest of the world, we could help the kettle boil by looking at it, and in spite of the apples with which a dear old woman on the road had filled our pockets, we were hungry.

"Why, dad," I said, as he entered with a huge jug of milk, "why did you tell me you had a milk-maid?" for I had just discovered that week's Cry "ought to be no need or telling,—ought

MISS DOOTH

(The Field Commissioner)

Will conduct the Opening Meetings of the New Barracks, accompanied by the Headquarters Staff Band

AT **BARRIE,**
SUNDAY, DEC. 20th.
11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.

to read it on de face, and heard in de words and see it in de backside," replied Dad, and so I should have done if I had looked long enough. Anyway, as soon as we dropped upon our knees, any one could tell Miss Dooth was no stranger at the Throne of Grace, and we had a blessed time of songs and prayers, leaving the old Soldier much cheered by our unexpected drop in. The next meeting was held on our way home was in the house of one who was not only a stranger to us, but a stranger to our work. Still, he, too, said, "Come in," and handed us over the back room. His wife being out and our being, as well as men and women of war, a thoroughly domesticated hand, we took possession and made all arrangements. Our Staff Officer spread the tea-cloth, that is, after he had found it; another got out the cups and saucers—I investigated the kitchen enquiry as to the prospect of my old friend the tea-pot, finding there two little children, both in one cot—I could not help but try to prep at them—to kiss them—send a fervent prayer to Heaven about them, and when I looked up their father was looking down on us all three with big tears in his eyes, and the kettle was boiling.

"To run a long story short," the Angels came especially near us, as we sang and sang around that parlour table, and when we mounted our wheels, Mr. Mungie wept and smiled, while he said he would never forget our visit to his little home. We cried, "God be with you," and in reply to the command "Forward!" were gone, taking our songs with us, and leaving the blessing behind. Straight on until the bells of our own city played us a welcome as we crossed its threshold, then, with "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," upmost in his heart, each man and faithful officer struck out in their respective war posts, and left me thinking, thinking about the journey of time—how rough the road sometimes is, and how tired some get, how we must press on with a good spirit when there is a head wind to push against—in the office—in the stores, or in the homes. Yes, thinking what a good thing it would be if a few could be a kind of oil-ran, always helping to make things a little easier for somebody else—somebody who may have a bent crank in the shape of weak faith, and about the City Gates they are ahead—how, although we may bear the marks of mud, rain, wind and war, and be really beat out at the last, we shall go running in, and the bells will ring,—even if there has been a skid up and looking at the Flood of Jesus, pressed on, thinking—well, thinking lots things I can't put here.



The Field Commissioner's reception to the Territory on June 11th, 1926, when the citizens of Toronto received her with enthusiasm and affection in a great meeting in the Pavilion at the Horticultural Gardens. Her two boys were turned away unable to gain admission.

The thirteen people knit at the Temple the previous Sunday, December 6th, what little hope is being repainted.

'THANK GOD-AT LAST!'

Or, Two Boys Found.

A Story of the Enquiry Department.



URING the month of October, although only eight cases came to hand, we had the joy of being able to report, so far, six found of the eight, which means six homes being brightened by the glorious news of knowing the whereabouts of long-lost but not forgotten relatives.



One case, in particular, was a poor old lady, who had two sons leave her some years ago for the Fur West, to make home for themselves and mother. It seemed they very soon forgot they had left a poor, old, crippled, widowed mother at home to battle this life alone. The poor old lady waited patiently for news, but no news came. Having heard of our valuable Missing Column in the War Cry, she came to see me. I shall never forget her coming into the office; crippled with rheumatism and pouring out her pitiful tale, and what would become of her unless we found some trace of her boys. After assuring the poor old soul that I would do all that I could and not leave a stone unturned to find her boys, she went away greatly cheered over the thought that most likely, very soon, she would know where her two boys were. After writing and advertising for three or four weeks, we received a slip of paper, enclosed in an envelope, with the following words on: "Camrose, Alberta.

"Miss Eva Dooth: I will you please let me know who was enquiring for us? Robert H. and Alexander H., seeing our missing in the War Cry, we were surprised. I am Robert and Alex. is on a ranch. Write soon. Good-bye. Yours truly, "ROBERT H."

Right after receiving this note the mother came again, to see what success I had met with. I read the little note to her, and oh! what a change came over her. Her eyes brightened and she remarked, with her two hands coming together, "Thank God—at last!"

Since then I have written them, and now the dear old soul is rejoicing over the thought of knowing where her boys are, and that she will be provided for.

Dear readers, this story of our case which I am sure is enough to convince you that our Missing Column has become a mighty blessing to many a home. Since we first started here in the Territory, we have had 1,848 cases pass through our hands. I do hope and trust no one will pass by the Missing Column without reading it, for you can never know what help you can render us.

—CAPTAIN ED. J. FLETCHER, Enquiry Department, S. A. Lefebvre, Toronto.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT!

Next Week's Issue

will contain the announcement of one of the most God-glorifying, saint-blessing and devil-terrifying tactics of the War that has been made for many years from the Administrative Centre.

What's it all About?
Who does it Concern?
Will it Affect Me?
What on Earth can it be?

THIS IS NO FAKE AD.

There is no Tum-folery in this Holy War. Sin, death and hell are too serious a reality for you to think that you are not concerned.

The Provincial Officers,
All the Chancellors,
Many of the District Officers,
Every Field Officer, and even the Local Officers—and Soldiers will be concerned. No doubt many will telegraph to Headquarters as soon as they hear the latest.

GENERAL ORDER

TO FIELD OFFICERS

Re LOCAL OFFICERS' COMMISSIONS.

All Local Officers' Commissions throughout the Territory expire on December 31st. All Treasurers and Secretaries will please forward their Commissions to their Provincial Officer. Commissions of all other Local Officers should be forwarded to the District Officer.

FIELD COMMISSIONER.

Key to this Cry

Local Officers	READ "Thillitate".....	PAGE 2
Auxiliaries	READ "Importunate Prayer".....	4
Officers	READ "Lessons in Divine Living".....	4
Married Couples	READ "His Tongue".....	6
Friends of Missions	READ "The Holy India".....	10
Elevated Ex-Salvationists	READ "Forgotten Friends".....	10
Backsliders	READ "A Letter from a Prolapsed".....	11
Sticklers at Army Trade	READ "Trading for God".....	11
If You are Short of Time	READ "Sharp Shot".....	2
Song Singers	LOOK AT "Christmas Chimes".....	14
Friends of the O.B.M.	READ "Progression and Aggression".....	14
J.E. Workers	READ "Help".....	6
Boys and Girls	READ "Little Margie".....	6
Students	STUDY "Turn Back".....	3
Officers, Soldiers, Friends and the General Public	READ "Unhappiness".....	8, 9, 12
	and "You Little Thing".....	2

There is a "Veterans" page, also "The Story Teller" page, and much other very interesting matter for readers generally.

Christmas Chimes

Tune.—Herald of Heaven, B. J., No. 297.
Cakutta, B. J., 29.

1 Son of God, from Heaven descending,
Angel-choirs Thy coming tell;
Shepherds with their flocks are tend-
ing,
With their songs the anthem swell—
Who are worthy
To redeem lost souls from hell?

Peace on earth, to man good tidings,
He has come the slaves to free;
Come to heal the broken-hearted,
And Salvation bring to me.
Great Deliverer!
Thou from hence my theme shall be.

Conqueror o'er sin and darkness,
Death and hell alike defied;
Thou shalt bruise the head of Satan,
When the stream flowed from Thy side.
Mighty Saviour!
Thence we praise at Christmastide.

—10—

Tune.—We are Sweeping Through the
Land, B. J., No. 15; Oh, What Bat-
tles I've Been, B. J., 53; We're Sure
to Finish Well, B. J., 148.

2 Let us join in happy song,
As we send the news along,
Of the coming of our Saviour from
the sky.
To the poor and needy, He
came a Friend indeed to be,
And a Comforter to those who to Him
cry.

Chorus.

Oh, the depths of Jesus' love
That has brought Him from above,
Sorrow bearing, life declaring,
We will tell it through the land.

Wear hearts rejoice to-day,
Let your sorrow live away,
And the radiance of His glory fill your
soul.

In your sin no longer mourn,
Unto you a Child is born,
To redeem you from the thralldom of the
Foe.

Faithful eyes behold the land,
That's prepared at God's right hand,
And the glories that await the ransomed
there.

May we one day swell the song,
Of the blood-washed, happy throng,
Who have conquered, and do now those
glories share.

SALVATION.

Tunes.—Auld Lang Syne; Bright Crowns;
Then for the Last Day Prepare,
or any common metre. M. S., Volume
1, No. 77; B. J., 29; Bina Hitha, B. J.,
65.

3 Hark from the Mercy Seat He calls,
Prepare and turn to God!
Come here in poor, come great
and small,
He'll save you through His blood.

Chorus.

There's no Salvation in the grave,
And shortly you must die.

Jehovah waits your soul to save,
And fit you for the sky;
There's no salvation in the grave,
And shortly you must die.

Soon death will drag you to the Throne,
Where vivid lightning blaze,
There guilty sinners stand alone,
Before His piercing gaze.

No pain, no sorrow, no ungodly delight,
Oh, awful, awful fate,
No hope of light, eternal night,
Outside the Golden Gate.

—10—

Tune.—A Never-Fading Flower, M. S.,
Vol. II, No. 37; B. J., 88.

4 Bright angels come singing over
Bethlehem's plain,
To bring us glad tidings of joy;
And all may this Christmas be happy
again—
Sing, "Glory to Jesus on High,"
Full Salvation cost a manger and a cross,
The price of redemption to pay,
The Lamb who is good, bringing sin-
cleansing blood.

On the morn of the first Christmas Day,
Chorus.
A happy Christmas Day,
A happy Christmas Day,
The Lord was born on Christmas morn,
To take our sin away,
A happy Christmas Day,
A happy Christmas Day!

Behold the Lamb and then you'll have
A happy Christmas Day.



LEWIS LIVINGSTONE LEITCHMAN LEITCHMAN LEITCHMAN
(APT. KILGORE) (APT. HARRISON) (APT. STOKES)

THE TRAVELLING BAND OF THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

Be glad and rejoice, there is no one like
Christ,
Salvation in Him we can see;
Dead sinners awake by the power of
His voice.
The Crown of Creation is His.
The world won't forget the Name He has
left.
All ages with Jesus will stay;
Eternity's worth came wrapped up in
earth.
All time is but one Christmas Day.

Around Jesus' throne, sing a new Christ-
mas song.
Fill earth with Emmanuel's praise;
The Salvation Lion of Judah is strong.
God's Child is the Ancient of Days.
The Infant Divine, with a nature sublime,
Abode in a dwelling of clay.
Our hardens He took, and His all He for-
sook.

To give us a bright Christmas Day.
God's great gift of love gladly came
from above,
Immortal Salvation to give;
He went to the Cross, baptised with the
Dove,
To suffer that sinners might live.
The earth He has given the Flood way to
Heaven.
His royal commands we'll obey;
With almighty power our foes He has
driven,
And He'll give us a good Christmas
Day.

COLONEL PEARSON.

Progression —AND— Aggression.

By MAJOR J. READ.



H! AH! What? Can it
be possible? It has reach-
ed our ears that some of
the Field Officers don't like
poor Lazarus' boxes!

Some new Field Officers
also declare that certain
box-holders will not buy a "Cry"
because they put their counters in the
box. This is certainly a new phase on the
excuse line, and we must declare that
such box-holders are few and far be-
tween. If there should be any left we
advise them to still continue to drop their
cents in their box and buy a "Cry" week-
ly, just to see what great good their box
money has done, is doing, and will do.
It is not difficult to invent excuses. The
Devil is always at hand to give all kinds
of "tips" on this line. Scorn him!

We have an idea that PETEROLEA is
again coming to the front this quarter.
Ensign Boshell writes that he
likes the work and will still do his best
for the scheme.

SPECIAL TO PROVINCIAL AGENTS:
"Ensign Tuttle, of Cardiff, Wales, was

distressed with his apparent failure to
get LOCAL donations, and decided to
take hold of the very street in which he
lived. He visited EVERY HOUSE, made
an appeal, and left a pamphlet on the
Scheme, which also promised another
call for a reply. The result is that FOR-
TY-FIVE out of these 175 houses took
boxes.

Of course it can be done!!!



Major Joffile, of England, is an enthu-
siastic lover of the Scheme. To a certain
Officer he recently said: "Inspiration
and work is what we want. Why, look
here—I have one Agent who is Poul-
tent-Form Sergeant, who, after dealing
with two penitents, got them to take
a box each."

The Major declares that the three
greatest needs of this special work are:
1. People who will regularly put their
money in the box—not leave it till the
end of the quarter.

2. Agents so disinterested with things
AS THEY ARE that they will do some
hard canvassing every week to get new
boxes placed out.

3. Agents who are not Salvationists
to reach outer circles of friends. And
we firmly believe it, too.

A question and its reply: "Is the box
supposed to be in use every day? I've
noticed about the country that it is only
as a rule on the table on Sunday."

"We ask for a cent a week at least—
this rule is made for the poor—better-off
people should produce it every day. Even
if the minimum weekly cent were given
by all, our total would be immensely in-
creased."

Welcome, Miss Annie Vance, the new
Local Agent for Port Hope. This is an-
other good acquisition. Her first week
got \$3.17 at its last collection. Great
praise is due to L. A. Consul.

What a sad thing it is when a Local
Agent "lets slip"! A most pathetic let-
ter has just come from such a one. He
writes: "I am not in a fit condition of
soul to undertake the G. B. M. work. I
am sorry to say I have completely re-
solved to leave the G. B. M. work, and
under." With the letter the poor fellow
returns his card of authority. Let us
all pray for him!

Another letter, of a far different kind,
comes from a box-holder, who is tired of
seeing his box lie on the shelf uncollected
for months. He says: "Our Agent must
be dead or moved from the district, as
I have not seen her for months." There is
some of the Lord's money lying rusting

In our box, having been there since last
June (not very much, I suppose, these
hard times) but it seems to me that if
little the Master's work needs it, so
thought I would just drop you a line to
wake up our Agent or appoint a new
one if the old one is tired or retired."

This should be noted by our Local
Agents.

Sister Underwood has been duly ap-
pointed a Local Agent for Port Hope.
Local Agent Dora Cole, of Cam-
berford, has taken her appointment in
the right spirit. She writes: "I intend
doing this work for God. . . I will try
and make it a success. . . I am real
well in soul. . . God is blessing me
in taking up my cross daily."

The G. B. M. box in the Financial Of-
fice at the Temple which is chased to
the corner is almost full. The scheme
contributed regularly and sees that the
Financial Department officials do like
it. . . The printers of the "Cry"
have a box, and each man drops in five
cents weekly.

Special Hints for P.A.s.

(1) Get select friends to take two or
three boxes and act as their own Agents
for the same.

(2) Where there is a box in a big fam-
ily, get one of the children to act as the
Agent.

(3) You should have a target for the
coming quarter. So should each L. A.
also each box-holder. Please tell them.

(4) Well announce the Box scheme in
every Junior Soldier Lantern Service.

(5) Meet your Local Agents at the
towns you visit and be sure to have them
on the platform at your meeting with
good wishes on and a supply of boxes.

(6) Each Agent should have an Agent
and all bandmen should be persuaded to
take boxes. Here is a good time if ne-
cessary worked.

SPECIAL TO LOCAL AGENTS: Be-
sides, with January, '25, we hope to
send each L. A. enough printed
pamphlets to leave one at the door of
each of their box-holders every month.
These little missives will be full of fact
and figures about the G. B. M. Scheme
and will be a great help.

THE VERY LATEST NEWS:
New Agents: Ada Germalin, Yarmouth;
Mrs. Kinney, Yarmouth; Sidney Dalia,
Dieby; Minnie Melbow, Dartmouth; Elna
Reed, Dartmouth.

Local Agent Davis, of Stobie Marsh,
writes: "I am pushing my box work
well. I have a grand time here working
for the Lord. Got all my boxes sent out
Yarmouth has just got \$5.53, Port Har-
land, \$2.63, and Clark's Harbor \$4.03. The
Port Harland in its 25 boxes. Not bad at
all!"

LOOK ALIVE, PROVINCIAL AND
LOCAL AGENTS!!!

God send hearts as we see faces

BRING

"Some one ought to do it, but who should I? is the ever-recurring phrase of weak-kneed amiability. 'Someone ought to do it, so why not I?' is the cry of some earnest servant of man, eagerly forward springing to face some perilous duty.

"Between those two sentences lie whole centuries of moral evolution."

184. JOHN DOYLE, Roman Catholic.
Last heard of at Port Coldwell, Ontario.
Was then working for the Canadian Pa-
cific Railway Co. Brother, Martin Doyle,



T WAS MISS BOOTH'S wish that the pages of the Christmas War Cry should be opened for a Christmas testimony and message from some of our oldest Soldiers in the ranks. We are, accordingly, publishing a few typical messages just as they were sent to the War Cry with the exception of the insertion of a few punctuation points in order to help the sense of what it was intended should be expressed. The Commissioner desired that OUR VETERANS should speak, and so we have let them.

Jake Carroll is unknown to us personally. As is the case with some more of us, "his education has evidently been neglected," but bless God he "can read his title clear to mansions in the skies," and that's more than many a fine scholar can do.

Mrs. Medlock is a bona fide Soldier and a regular War Cry boomer, worthy of all praise.

The remaining veterans are so well-known they scarcely need introduction, but we might say that Mother Florence, though not devoting all her time to the actual service of the Army, as formerly, still holds forth the Word of Life to the customers and others who visit her corner store on Terrace Street, Toronto.

Mother Florence.



JESUS saves me now, after 14 years a Soldier in the great S. A. God has kept me firm from all evil and good report, lying and slander. When they said the Salvation Army would go down, I said "No it won't!" "It would go up," and today finds me a Blood and Fire Soldier. Glory to God!

Glory to God!—and my love to God and the Army is stronger than ever. O, I do bless God for the Salvation Army war, in which you can grow and get fat. I went to a Salvation Army meeting, and when I saw how their faces shone and looked so happy, and how they sang "The thorns were pierced on his beautiful brow to pardon a rebel like me," I felt in love with them, and God told me they wanted me in the Salvation Army.

I was in the church flower-pot, and I got pot-bound, but the dear Lord transplanted me into the Salvation Army garden. I have the same sun and rain, but the road has room to grow, and now my soul is like a well-watered garden. Glory to God! I have had troubles and trials, and I have graduated in the school of adversity, but I have given new life to prayer and trials bring me to His feet, lay me low and keep me there. I love the light, and only wish I was young again, I would do more for His sake and the Kingdom. I do pray very often for our dear Officers, Comrades and Soldiers not to get weary in well-doing, but to work while it is day, for "the night cometh when no man can work." You will have trials, I have had them. You will have troubles—I have had them. We shall not be like the dear Master if we had no sorrow, for he was a man of sorrows. I was a trouble maker, trouble, and wave "won wave, lying and slandering has made our dear Salvation Army what it is to-day. It is the burning of the gold that refines it. It was the pit for Joseph, the den for Daniel, the fire for the Hebrew children. It was David's own son, Abraham's trial of his faith and the Cross for Jesus, and if you, my comrade, will live Godly in Christ Jesus, you must suffer. There is no way to get wheat out of straw, but

to thresh it, and if we are going to be wheat for the Heavenly garner we must bear the rod, but He will do it in love. I know it hurts—! hurts me, and often the tears will flow, and even while I write this I cannot keep them back, but they drop in God's bottle. I often weep for joy to think that God saved me, for sorrow over the sinner, for joy to know I belong to God and the Salvation Army—for sorrow to see so many who once were good Soldiers and Officers go back on God and the Salvation Army. O! be true to God! Fight on! Struggle on! Wrestle on, for so the day will break and the light shine, and you will be with that white-washed throng that came out of great tribulation, who washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, where there will be no sorrow. That God may bless you and make His face to shine on you, and be gracious unto you, is the prayer of

Your Mother in Christ,
MOTHER FLORENCE.

Mrs. Medlock.

I've been converted 25 years. I was brought to God in the Old Country when the Army was called "Christian Mission." The influence of a sister-in-law got me to the meeting, and by the shining faces of those who testified, I was convinced that I was a sinner. I had no peace till I found God.

One day, when I was cleaning my stove, I was in such agony about my soul I did not finish my work, but got upon my knees. I wrestled with the powers of darkness about an hour, till God said, "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace, and sin no more." I sprang to my feet, I danced and jumped with gladness. I'm glad to tell you that I am determined to go forward in His strength. There are twelve of us, as a family, and all are Salvationists, all singers and musical as well.

Jake Carroll's.

His First Letter.

Saved Drunker. four 17 years I was a slave a drink, while I was to Army Pricking Salvation I came to Jesus and Repented and He gave me my mind. His Blood cleansing from all sin. "Blessed are those servant whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching, verily I say unto you that he shall gird himself and make them to sit down to meat and will come forth and served them. 9 years saved and kept, Brye

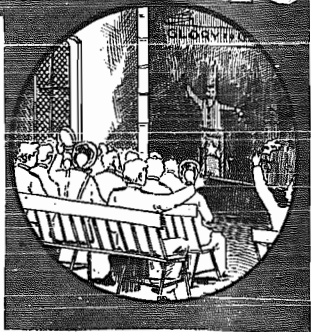
hels grace. Amen! Yours in the light Salvance Wear. Give tow Jesus glory, then his first letter I ever wrote in my life. it is the best I can do.

Auntie Roach.

THE FACE which accompanies this sketch is one well-known and loved by many comrades and friends through-out Canadian and other Salvation Army fields.

Sister Roach—or, as we all love to call her "Auntie Roach," of Ingersoll Corps—has endeared herself to many by her beautiful spirit in which may be clearly seen the reflection of the Lord. In answer to a query about her service, Auntie says, "Yes my dear, I have been a good many years on the way—fifty-six years in the 21st of this last January since I gave my heart to Jesus. Young? Well, I was nineteen then, but I should have been saved 3 years before that, for God gave His Spirit early to strive with me. Yes, indeed! I firmly believe in the conversion of children—you know a child's faith is the very best of faith, simple, confiding trust, that's it. We used to belong to the King Street Methodist Church (always was in the good old Wesleyan Church—never would waver, though several new bodies were formed from the old original body, yet I remained true to my first choice) until 12 years ago next October I decided to take my stand as a Salvation Soldier. It was while dear Captain F. was stationed here. We had attended from the opening. Seem strange? No! not a bit. I fell right in love with them from the very first, for their zeal, earnestness and power reminded me of the old times in the Methodist meeting house, in Plymouth, England.

I was a Soldier just a week when it was shown me I must change my dress and put on the uniform. I don't know how people can go on dressing just like the world, and yet be Christians. I never



could, but after I became a Soldier, I was more separate. I think we should all be. Don't you?

To be sure we had some persecution in those days, but we had SUCH glorious times. I could march then, and it didn't matter if an apple, pear, or stone came along, we got so much blessing.

Quite a large number of Officers have gone out to the field who were saved in those early days. I will remember when Tom—Brizalder Scott now—came to ask my advice about joining the Army. "What do you think about it?" said he.

"Well, my boy, where did you receive the light?"

"Why, in the Army,"

"Well, if you received light and blessing in the Army, stay there. Follow the light," I told him. Oh, if people would only follow the light!

Many, too, are gone home to Heaven. I am going, too. It won't be long now. Praise the Lord! I'm ready. Glory be to God!

Although I cannot go to meeting or march, the Saviour is always with me, and we have such beautiful seasons with God. Although we haven't much of this world's goods, we are happy and content, looking forward to a Mansion above, undisturbed, which fadeeth not away.

MINNIE KENNEDY,
Regular Correspondent,
Ingersoll.

Dad Watkins.

"I came to Jesus fourteen years ago. A bad, miserable sinner. Thank God! He gave me a clean heart. Glory to Jesus! and made me ready for His blessed Kingdom in Heaven. Praise His Name! and you sinners come to Jesus and get saved and meet me in Heaven. A-MEN!"

Corps Treasurer.

Mary T. Ellis.

One of the very first to join the Salvation Army in Charlottetown, I can say that after about 14 years' experience as a Soldier and Local Officer that I love the dear old Army with all my heart. My whole soul is in the work. It is beautiful! Grand and glorious! My soul is often blessed beyond the power of expression, and through grace, I am determined to be a true and faithful Soldier to the end.

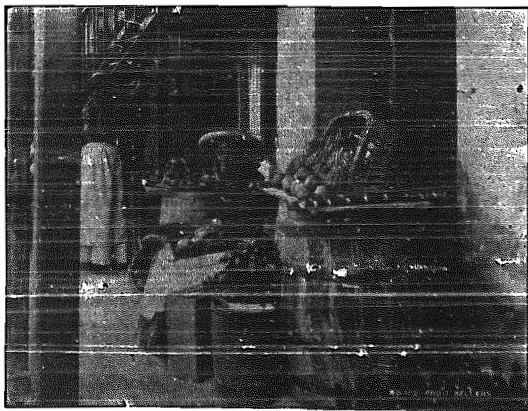
Salvationists are lovely people. In their company I am at home. I have met them in England, Ireland and Scotland. All alike we were one.

I have a brother a Staff-Captain in England.

May God abundantly bless our beloved Commissioner. Tears of joy rolled out my face as I read of her resignation in my native land (Newfoundland). I knew it would be so. She would get it in a wonderful form here that it would be EXCELLENT!

The Commissioner, accompanied by the Staff, opened the new Harbours at Barrie, December 20th.

Staff-Captain Smeeton, the Comptroller of Finances, is on a visit to Montreal and other Eastern Ontario cities, in connection with property matters.



Two War Cry Customers in Hamilton, Bermuda.

CRY, Official Gazette of the Army, published by John A. Printing House, 4

